OBERT SHERWOOD ON THE VANISHING PLAYWRIGHT

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Sixth Column

An Editorial by
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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By Murray Teigh Bloom

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By Marcus Goodrich
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By Frederick L. Schumann
Reviewed by Vincent Sheean

"VERSAILLES TWENTY YEARS AFTER"
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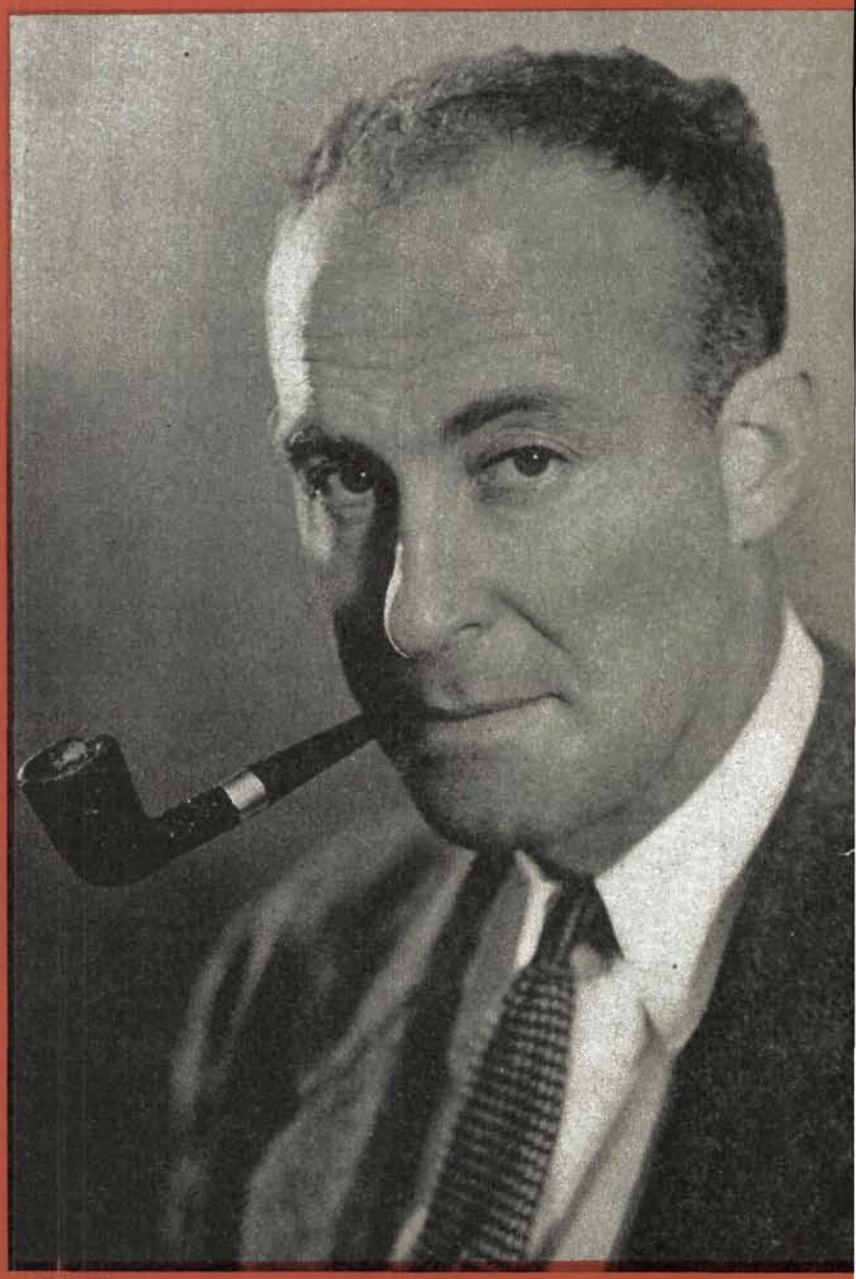

Paul Woolf

MARCUS GOODRICH has been keeping his soul alive by putting his secret passion for fine writing into this novel . . . *(See page 5)*

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Prophets three: Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis

The Saturday Review of Literature

Literary Propheteering

MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

LIKE murder, prophecy will out in any age and it has been fashionable for our more literate seers to clothe their fearful predictions in the camouflaged vestments of fiction. Other, bolder prophets have come back from tomorrow and scribbled their views without any pretense that a resemblance to characters living or dead was purely coincidental.

In fiction the prophetic record isn't what it might be. The social-utopia of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was scheduled to begin in 1937. And 1936 was the year Berzelius (Buzz) Windrip was due to take over the United States in Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." Now in 1941, Doremus Jessup should be going about his secret missions that will bring about the downfall of the fascist Corpo Government of America.

Just about this time, too, the wealth of the world should be beginning to pass into the hands of the trust foundation which will rule the world until the Sleeper arises from his cataleptic slumber in H. G. Wells's famous work, "When the Sleeper Wakes," written in 1897.

In that novel Wells made some remarkable prophecies. He foresaw successful heavier-than-air machines six years before the Wright Brothers dabbled with a miracle at Kitty Hawk. He envisioned combat in the air between planes; television; skyscrapers; air conditioning; propaganda control by the state. All this for the Year 2100.

In deference to this noteworthy prescience we might examine a more recent venture of Mr. Wells in the dimension of time. It was published in 1933 and called grandly enough, "The Shape of Things to Come." For 1937 Mr. Wells foresaw an informal war between America and Japan in the Pacific. Hmm. Sometime in 1938 the fleets of both powers fought it out and they separated only when the Japanese ran out of ammunition. Thereafter the Nipponese ships never emerged from their harbors. In 1939 there were serious mutinies of Japanese troops in China and social disintegration took place in China. But Wells improves as he goes on.

The Second World War, he has it, began on January 6, 1940. Only a few months off. And it began as the result of trouble between Germany and Poland. Check again. Italy bombed Belgrade. (See tomorrow's headlines before you say anything.) The Poles bombed Berlin; the Germans, Warsaw. France and England were out of it for a while. America? We were making money selling munitions to all comers.

There was a truce in the fighting from December, 1940 to June, 1941. After that the Germans, allied with Austria and Italy, really got to work on Poland. Russia became an ally of the Central Powers and occupied the eastern half of Poland. (Wells got merry, proletarian hell from the left-wing critics for this ridiculous prophecy.) Lithuania seized Vilna. Then in 1943 France declared war upon Germany and marched into Italy as far as Turin. Oh, well.

Thousands of planes participated in raids over European cities and the Mediterranean was the scene of great naval conflicts. There was a terrible influenza epidemic in 1942 and an outbreak of cholera in 1945 which took the lives of thousands in Great Britain. With the help of organizers from Russia the spirit of protest and mutiny spread all through Europe. The year 1947 saw the rise of provisional soviets in Marseilles, Paris, Barcelona, Milan, Naples, Hamburg, Lodz, and Glasgow. Troop mutinies were as common as strikes. In the Spring of that year the fighting came to an end when the combatants agreed to a "Suspension of Hostilities" which became permanent.

ORGANIZED economic life had almost disappeared. Between May, 1955 and November, 1956 an obscure disease took a toll of millions of lives in Europe. Those afflicted wandered over the face of the continent spreading the germs.

Our own land wasn't faring any too well, either. Here, as in Europe, "State governments became insolvent phantoms making feebler and feebler efforts to collect taxes and the Federal authority in Washington faded away." Cities were declaring themselves autonomous and law and order groups were locally taking over the reins of government. In the Southwest, of all places, workers' soviets were rising. On the Pacific Coast small republics had isolated themselves as early as 1945 and were carrying out "a strange blend of Methodism, Technocracy, and the Douglas Plan." Utah became the first Single-Tax state and restored

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old nineteenth-century Mormonism.

In 1978 the Modern Staters formed the World Council. A few sanguinary revolts were attempted by disgruntled businessmen and intellectuals but none of them amounted to anything, thus leaving the World Council in command of the planet. Which brings us to the close of this century and the real beginning of Mr. Wells's brave new world.

Thus the Wellsian shaping of things to come. As a prophet he has his points; also a considerable number of fellow-travellers on the prophetic road to the Second World War.

CONSIDER the foresight of Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., a Texas-born newspaperman who sat down early in 1918 —when there seemed to be every danger of a negotiated peace—and banged out a moaning propaganda story. It was called "The War of 1938" and appeared in a popular magazine.

Following a negotiated peace, the story ran, Germany began to prepare secretly for the Next Effort. Never again would Germany let herself be blockaded out of victory. "Self-sufficiency" became the watchword of Deutschland redivivus. Wrote Mr. Lyle in 1918:

> Today, 1938, there are no more fat Germans—not in Germany. Fat and waste motion are not within the purview of the German State. The people had been kept on rations: war rations . . . close scientific tab was kept on every garbage pail. . . . Super intensity in speeding up, digging down, spreading out was applied to every industry, occupation and individual in the state . . . no arable acre is left untilled . . . today the Ukraine is but an Imperial Germanic granary. . . .

Yes, it seems Mr. Lyle also foresaw an alliance between Germany and Russia. "Friendship with Russia was the keystone of the new policy." Other predictions: advance preparation, long before the War of 1938, of submarine parts, ready for quick assembly; vast underground arsenals filled with arms and munitions; a vast plane-building program; secret training of soldiers through the Pan-German gun clubs.

Then, suddenly in 1938—this is still Lyle writing in 1918—"the cloak of peaceful industry fell away. We saw a standing army of twenty million men, half as many more in reserve."

> That was a few weeks ago and France, Belgium, Italy and Great Britain began frantically to arm, converting citizens into raw armies, peacetime factories into munitions plants, merchant ships into cruisers. . . . Millions ravaged Belgium and France . . . the Suez Canal was captured. Over England night-flying air fleets, circling and darting in the silence of new engines, rained abominations from Harwich to Birmingham. . . .
>
> The end of the third week, when this is written, finds Dover besieged; finds the remnants of the French citizen armies being crowded down into Spain, where internment awaits them; finds Italians being smothered in the leg of their boot; finds America and British oversea dominions dispatching fleets hastily crowded with armed civilians to Egypt and India, the only possible fronts. . . .

Asked recently for his view of the Days of 1960, Lyle, now a 66-year-old dweller in the California sun, was certain of only one thing:

"The combatants will still be recovering from the exhaustion, economic and spiritual, of 1940."

BACK in 1920 there was another prophet for modern Germany. His name was Milo M. Hastings and he put his guesses in a fast-paced novel called "The City of Endless Night." The city was Berlin of the year 2041. It had become an entirely roofed-in city of sixty levels, sheltering 300,000,000 sun-starved humans. Since 1941 the city had held out against the World State (here it is again) which tried to bomb it into line. Hohenzollerns ruled this tight world; ruled it with the blessings of "autocratic socialism," "the perfect government which we Germans have evolved from proletarian socialism."

Other Hastings bulls'-eyes:

A rigidly controlled press. ("Every paper, every book and every picture originates in the shops of the Information Staff . . . the writing is done by specially trained workers of the Information Service. . . . ")

State-fixed diets, on a calories-for-work-done basis.

Sham "Ja" elections.

Nazi religion: "We supermen long ago repudiated that spineless conception of the soft Christian God and the servile Jewish Jesus." However, "Jesus's father was an adventurer from Central Asia, a man of Teutonic blood."

The importance of "pure and undefiled pedigrees" for marriage partners.

Eugenic breeding.

A vast labor corps, whose members are trained from childhood to do only manual labor.

Racial theories. "We have long known that all those great men whom the inferior races claim as their geniuses are of truth of German blood and that the fighting quality of the other races is due to the German blood that was scattered by our early immigrants."

The present war had no end of prophets. It was probably the most prophesied event in world history.

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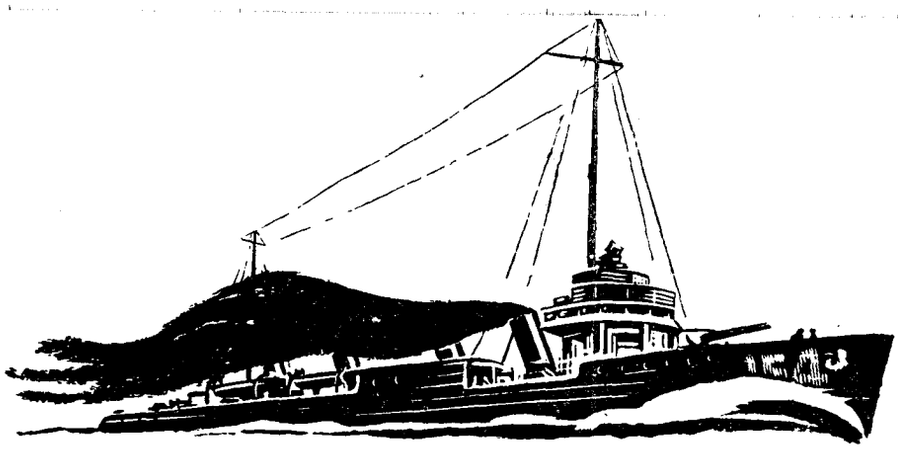


From the book.

Delilah the Destroyer

DELILAH. By Marcus Goodrich. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 496 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MCFEE

THIS novel of nearly 500 hundred pages is the work of an officer of the United States Navy in the last European war, Marcus Goodrich of San Antonio, Texas. After service in the National Guard, he enlisted as an apprentice seaman, working on all kinds of fighting ships, including active service against German submarines. Then he worked on newspapers and did reviewing. In recent years he has been in Hollywood as a screen writer. "Delilah" is his first novel.

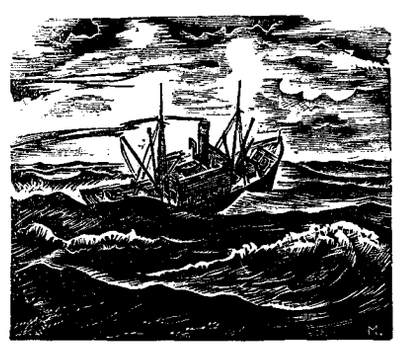
In some ways it is an extraordinary production. Mr. Goodrich, during his years in Hollywood, where writing is a highly specialized form of highly-paid slave labor, has been keeping his soul alive by putting all his secret passion for fine writing into this novel. He has extended himself gloriously, doing everything prohibited to a screen writer. There is something oyster-like in this extremely marine phenomenon. Mr. Goodrich has had certain hard facts of life in his system which he could not get rid of. He has enfolded them in shimmering layers of nacreous prose. There are portions of this book where the underlying action is completely obscured by the language, so that the reader is lulled into a sort of musical trance.

"Delilah" is the name of a destroyer of the United States Navy on service in the Philippines. For some weeks she is on various assignments around the archipelago. A monk is taken to an island to pacify some revolting natives. An underground river is explored. The psychology of the officers and crew is investigated with a deliberate, probing thoroughness that is more clinical than literary, and the wonder is, that Mr. Goodrich manages to make them, in his own peculiar manner, come alive. This is his achievement and it shows what can be done in 200,000 words of the sort of writing that most of us thought died with Henry James.

The heroine, of course, is "Delilah" herself. The old coal-burning destroyer is even more alive than her crew. One has more affection for her in the end, because Mr. Goodrich loves her. His love for men is less spectacular, his analysis of their souls more merciless and akin to vivisection.

The publishers say this book has been ten years in the making, though that is neither here nor there. It is very like "Boundary against Night" in some ways. Which is to say, it is over-written in a kind of desperate defiance of the present vogue for imitating the early Hemingway method of writing out of the side of one's mouth. So I am for Marcus Goodrich, though there are long stretches toward the end of "Delilah" where the reader is completely lost as to what is going on. He is cocooned in endless skeins of mellifluous verbiage. But the writing is magnificent for all that. The destroyer is finally so etched on one's mental retina that every part of her constricted and cellular anatomy is as familiar as one's own house.

"Delilah" is remarkable in another way. It is the first time, so far as I know, where the personnel of a fighting ship of the United States has been treated with something of the fastidious fussiness that Proust used in his interminable novel. This is indeed a remembrance of past times, an evocation of the moods and passions of a dead era.



Imagination at Large

PRESENTING MOONSHINE. By John Collier. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS latest presentation of John Collier's own, particular, and inimitable brand of literary moonshine contains the story, "Thus I Refute Beelzy," which recently disturbed and baffled the less imaginative readers of *The Atlantic*. It contains other tales, among its twenty-four, that would not only baffle and disturb but horrify them. By these same tales, more imaginative readers will be delighted, for almost every one of the double-dozen can be labeled accurately: *Collier—Grade A*. And that is a respectable label.

Moving among occult phenomena with the familiarity of a Machen or a Blackwood, Mr. Collier moves without their solemnity. In the presence of the supernatural and magical, he is gay and impudent. He is a collector of demons, a connoisseur of jinn, and an old acquaintance of the Devil himself, who has more than once provided him with admirable copy; and it is obvious that fiends, large and small both, clutter the world in which he lives.

But neither they nor Hell hold any terrors for him: he is as much at ease with them, or there, as with his tobacconist or in his tub. When writing of matters eerie, awesome, terrifying, macabre, or horrible, his manner is candid and calm; while humor, like a playful imp, disports itself in even his most fearsome stories. Luscious ladies, no less than fiends, engross him, and with sex he deals slyly but without smirking.

Impossibility is the foundation on which Mr. Collier prefers to build: the more outrageous his yarn, the more plausible his spinning. Grant him an ell and he will lead you, unquestioning and entertained, for a mile. His brevity is a model to be studied by those who would make small words do big jobs. He achieves his strongest effects by underwriting. He is master of the double and triple twist.

The plots? I shall not pare them to synopses, for fantasy strips badly. Readers unfamiliar with Mr. Collier's work should at once correct their unhappy state by way of "Presenting Moonshine." Those who do know his work will not wait upon reviews. Relaxation is good for even the most serious-minded persons, even in times that try men's souls. Relaxation and refreshment are provided in abundance by John Collier's unpredictable imagination.

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After Versailles...

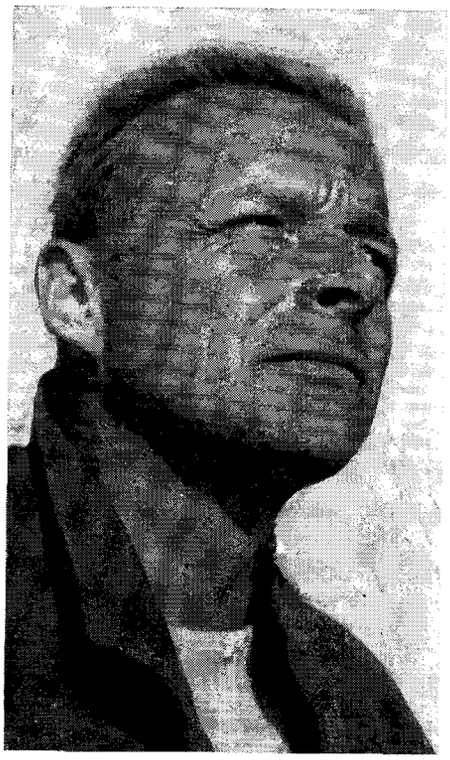
VERSAILLES, TWENTY YEARS AFTER. By Paul Birdsall. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 350 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN our days overshadowed by bombs and tears and a general feeling that even this bloody tragedy might not be the war to end wars since there is so much uncertainty about the resulting peace, a book like this is of revealing importance.

Paul Birdsall, Professor of History at Williams College, is a historical scholar and a critic as well. His study of the Treaty of Versailles and its alternatives is a fascinating dramatic story of the complexity of issues involved and presents a lively picture not only of the lawless jungle of power politics and its intrigues, but also of national ambitions and diplomatic strategy.

Birdsall's emphasis is not on a formal history of the negotiations which resulted in the Versailles Treaty. He not only records the battle of words during the Peace Conference but tries to interpret and criticize the combating forces in order to reveal or highlight the lessons which might be learned.



Paul Birdsall presents a "lively picture of the lawless jungle of power politics."

The central figure of this clearly and sanely written book is Woodrow Wilson. Birdsall asks whether Versailles was a purely Wilsonian peace; or did the program of Versailles collapse under the impact of the power politics of Europe? A thorough analysis of all factors involved convinced him that the prosaic truth is "that elements of good and bad were combined in the treaties."

He asserts that Wilson symbolized "the forces of reason in the fight of justice. . . . With all mistakes Wilson emerges as the only man of real stature at Paris."

Birdsall believes that Wilson was completely isolated within his own delegation and that American defection from the entire Versailles settlement brought into sharp relief the inherent folly of the reparation clauses. He is bitter about reactionary nationalists like the Australian Premier Hughes, but he never neglects to analyze the national and economic interests involved or the secret treaties made before the United States entered the war.

He studied official minutes, diaries, memoirs, unpublished letters, and reasons that Anglo-American preponderance alone could have stabilized Europe. In conclusion he states that the iniquities of the Treaty of Versailles are not to be blamed for all the ills of Europe, as Hitler wants the world to believe. On the contrary. "A new Versailles," says the author with perhaps rare prescience, "might conceivably make the original Versailles seem the embodiment of wisdom and justice."

What about the next peace? Birdsall's position is that a federated Europe after a British victory over Hitler could be a program which might best fit the historical forces, natural or otherwise, and the historical lessons of the twenty years after Versailles.

The lessons of this stimulating book, I hope, will clarify many minds which are as fearful of the future as of the present. The one thing none of us can do, historians included, is to hold off the future—any more than we can hold back the past.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS INNS IN LITERATURE

Few travelers in the world of literature have failed to stop at these famous inns for mental refreshment and companionship. Surely you remember their names! Allow 5 points for each place correctly named, and another 5 if you can recall the work in which each appears and its author. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. The host of this inn accompanied his guests on a pilgrimage whose weary length was brightened by story-telling.

2. Mistress Nell Quickly was hostess of this inn, located in Eastcheap and frequented by disorderly nobility.

3. Raveloe's local gossip steered a peaceful course here, under the direction of John Snell, landlord.

4. This inn at Black Hill Cove, near Bristol, unwillingly accommodated an ill-mannered ex-pirate.

5. The landlord of this Sudbury, Massachusetts, inn is famous chiefly for his tale of a patriotic night-rider.

6. Miss Postlethwaite was bar maid here, and Mr. Mulliner was the star customer.

7. Joe Willet and his wife, Dolly Varden, conducted this inn.

8. Tony Lumpkin was a frequent patron of this inn, about which he composed a song.

9. Once frequented by such eminent personalities as Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakespeare, this Cheapside tavern was celebrated some years later by a famous English poet.

10. The featured item on the menu of this inn, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, was *bouillabaisse.*

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After Munich...

NIGHT OVER EUROPE. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 600 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by VINCENT SHEEAN

THE story is so recent that it is far from complete, and Professor Schuman, expert technician though he has become, is obliged to leave us on a vast unresolved chord. Even so, the book is a valuable précis of the course of events in world diplomacy from Munich to the present month, arranging events and documents, speeches and negotiations and catastrophes, in the order of their time and logic, the whole thing scholarly in a high degree without being, thank God, the least bit impartial.

It has obvious weaknesses, to my way of thinking, perhaps inherent in the form of the work. I mean by this that Professor Schuman's particular product, which by now is differentiated sharply from all others, cannot escape certain kinds of criticism. To the scholar his narrative style will always seem unsuited to the material; to less scholarly readers the careful documentation and the array of dates may seem an unfriendly palisade to be scaled dangerously, if at all. He applies to contemporary events the rather high-pressure scholarship of an American university, with research workers, secretaries, and so on—card indexes; What a lot of card indexes! —and then glues it all together with an impassioned high-rhetorical narrative abounding in metaphor, antithesis, hyperbole and aposiopesis. The card indexes and the rhetoric get in each other's way sometimes, and yet on the whole in this book they have settled down to a satisfactory give-and-take sort of arrangement, so that you forget the duality of the ménage for long stretches of time—long enough to get from the death of one republic to the death of another, which is quite a spell nowadays.

There is no necessity to summarize the story here. It is the story of the years 1939 and 1940, arranged with careful documentation to support Professor Schuman's view of what happened. Briefly it is: The West tried to play the Fascists against the Russians, and failed; the Russians tried to play the Fascists against the West, and succeeded too well; the whole thing is up in the air now, and we may be dead tomorrow. I think most people who have followed the unholy mess with any attention would subscribe to Professor Schuman's general narrative structure. He may have to amend it later when more evidence gets into print, as he has had to amend his conclusions of preceding years, but this is certainly what it looks like now. And if you want this analysis very eloquently presented, here it is: it will not be done better.

Before stating what I essentially hold against it I must make it clear that the book is a serious work by a man who obviously cares about the fate of mankind. On this ground it deserves to be read widely; it would do no harm if an occasional reader thought about it a little as well.

What I essentially hold against it is this: the core of it is despair. Professor Schuman can tell us, as he does at the beginning and end of the book, that he believes in democracy, that democracy must pull itself together and win; but the trouble is that everything he tells us between the beginning and the end makes this seem utterly and irrevocably impossible. Obviously, as I said before, he cares about the fate of mankind; but equally obviously he suffers from the delusion that nobody else does. Everything that happens, happens because of an icy calculation in *Realpolitik:* the whole lot of them, the people in power, wherever they are, have no other system of action or control; some do it better and some worse, and that is the only difference: this is what Professor Schuman tells us.

Now this cannot be true. What is there in the story of mankind to make it explicable? Did we not evolve from even lower forms? Have we not done a good deal even in the realms of politics to lessen the horrors of our own selfishness? Why should the whole human race, politically speaking, have become a monstrosity in precisely this period of history? If *Realpolitik* is the only principle, we are a monstrosity and deserve to perish: then what is it Mr. Schuman thinks worth saying?

But in fact it is not true that *Realpolitik* governs all. Hitler himself is imbued with all sorts of highly altruistic ideas extending at least as far as those parts of the human race whom he happens to admire. He has acted often against the soundest material and safest military interests of the Third Reich, in pursuance of what he believes to be his mission. Stalin has given a fine exhibition of *Realpolitik,* which has moved his country from the frying pan to the thin edge that hangs over the fire; he was better off when he paid at least lip service to the ideas of democratic socialism. And, most of all, the ordinary humdrum senators and prime ministers and ambassadors and suchlike cattle in the service of the democracies which Professor Schuman so much despises (and wishes to save)—are they disciples of *Realpolitik?*

Not in the least. Most of them don't know what it is, and if they did know they wouldn't like it. They are quite ordinary human beings who normally try to do their best according to their lights. That their lights do not compare with the lights of Berlin and Moscow Professor Schuman has brilliantly demonstrated on almost every page of this long book. But he never gives anybody in politics credit for a little common humanity—a little honest mistake-making, a little unselfish and honorable error. It can't be that: it has to be some design in *Realpolitik.*

Well, all I can say is that this fight has been going on for several thousand years by the most conservative estimate, and will probably go on for several thousand more if somebody doesn't disintegrate the atom or do something else reckless; and if capitalism goes we say adieu, and if democracy goes, au revoir; but one certain thing is that we are not going to beat this particular Hitler (or even help those who are trying to do so) in Professor Schuman's mood. There is too much Spengler in it, too much Nietzsche, too much Machiavelli: too little common ordinary indestructible humanity, too little of you and me.

Professor Frederick L. Schuman "applies to contemporary events the rather high-pressure scholarship of an American university."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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THE SIXTH COLUMN

WE quote from a leaflet published by the National Conference of Christians and Jews:

Who Are We of the United States?

"We of the United States are:
One-third of a million, Indian
One-third of a million, Oriental, Filipino, and Mexican
60 million, Anglo-Saxon; 10 million, Irish
15 million, Teutonic; 9 million, Slavic
5 million, Italian; 4 million, Scandinavian
2 million French; 13 million, Negro
1 million each, Finn, Lithuanian, Greek

In addition, we are:
2 million, Anglican Episcopalian
40 million, Evangelical Protestant
1 million, Greek Catholic
4½ million, Jew
Two-thirds of a million, Mormon
One-tenth of a million, Quaker
22 million, Roman Catholic
One-half million, Christian Scientist."

What an extraordinary invitation to racial and religious intolerance! What a magnificent opportunity to put racial and religious intolerance where it belongs—on the dump heap of prejudices destroyed by common sense! For no American can read this table of statistics without realizing that racial and religious intolerance in the United States is dynamite—guaranteed, if it explodes, to blow up everyone. If you do not know the American history of intolerance, read it, and you will learn that, from the beginning, this country has always had to combat intolerance, and that our success in achieving a workable unity has been absolutely conditioned by victory, again and again and often by the narrowest margin, in a struggle to hold down a tide of prejudice, that always rises once more, that has been thrown back, and will be thrown back once more, because, if it washes over us, we can no longer function as a nation. It makes little difference which intolerance is uppermost, or whether the cause is fear or economic jealousy or morbid pride or sick self-distrust; the result will always be the same. Father Coughlin cannot attack the Jewish minority without arousing anti-Catholicism. Where the Negro is most oppressed, other prejudices flourish like narcotic weeds. If the bell of intolerance tolls for one, it tolls for all.

The record of American writers in attacking the rank superstitions preying upon American unity is excellent. But the time has come for them to adopt new tactics. We have heard so much of the sufferings of the Jew, the Negro, the Indian, the Balkan steel worker, the poor white, that we grow callous—and, what is more dangerous, defeatist. The sufferings, the injustices, are real. But they are always depicted as the sufferings of minorities. What about the majorities?

Anthropologists, sociologists, psychologists, with their tools of research, are not the first to discover that intolerance, in the long run, is as destructive for the intolerant as for his victim. Anti-Semitism may be an injury to the Semite, but it is a disease for the anti-Semite. As Erskine Caldwell (and many another) has powerfully shown, the violent determination in certain communities to hold the Negro down and back has had appalling results for the whites, who, in the attempt to save white supremacy, have become decadent and slipped far below the level of white populations elsewhere. In a country made up of such elements as the table above describes, it should be clear that the Catholic, Jew, Protestant, the "old American," Greek, German, Serb, or Negro, who lets his religious or racial prejudices go uncontrolled, is taking slow poison—maybe not so slow. But is it clear?

We doubt it, and urge the creative American writer, and his partner, the creative American reader, to cultivate this field for the imagination in which subtler dangers lurk than in Uncle Tom's cabin or the wayside camp of the migrant laborer. This great theme for America, of what happens to minds diseased by prejudice, of what happens to a complex country that lets fanatics and the too human ignorant slash at leg and arm and liver and heart in order to stop a headache, this great theme is not one on which books can be written to order. If written to order they will not be read. It is not necessary to order them; they will write themselves once the American imagination becomes aware of the dramatic danger which threatens our majorities. In this battle against the new Know Nothings, the ammunition will come from the social scientists, who have plenty in stock; but if the country is to realize what the Sixth Column in our midst is blindly trying to accomplish, it must be made to see and feel a crisis—and that is a job for literature.

H. S. C.

Of Certain Well-Written Verses

By Leonora Speyer

I AM reading your poem:
It is clever
And jaunty and brave,
It sings on the stave—
But if ever
I sensed the cool craftsman at play!

And I say
It is hardly the time
To be so at ease and so smart
With your theme
And its metrical scheme,
So nimble of lip and alert,
As you tell of an Island at bay,
The heart of a people at bay.

It is hardly the time, it would seem,
To be quite so poised as you write
Of the black-out at night,
Of the dark homes effaced
(And the rescue-men digging next day);
Or so pleased with your assonant rhyme,
No matter how perfectly placed. . . .
I feel it is hardly the time.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Life for Life's Sake"

SIR:—The reviewer of "Life for Life's Sake" (*SRL,* Jan. 11) said, "Mr. Aldington aimed at being 'a good European'; he ended by being a traveled Englishman." I think his book proves he ended by being much more than that. On p. 86 he defines his term. It is almost the same as Matthew Arnold's definition of culture: "Culture being a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know the best . . . which has been thought and said in the world; and . . . turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits." Judging by his various books, Aldington has lived up to this aim.

H. L. Mencken once called Havelock Ellis "the most civilized Englishman today." Ellis forfeited that title when he wrote his distressing autobiography. After carefully indexing "Life for Life's Sake" I'm convinced that term might well be applied to Richard Aldington. Or better still (in Arnold's sense) "one of the most cultured Englishmen today."

During the Dark Ages culture was kept alive only by the men in the monasteries. Today all men who can act as repositories of civilization and culture are needed as never before and should be honored accordingly. Wars can't be abolished by legislation, but by improving human nature.

In other words, if there had been more "good Europeans" (in the sense Aldington uses it) in Europe, this present ghastly war never would have occurred.

CLAIRE MYERS SPOTSWOOD.

New Haven, Conn.

Passage Placing Dep't.

SIR:—I am appealing to *Saturday Review* readers for help in identifying the following quotations:

In W. B. Yeats's essay, "What Is Popular Poetry?" he quotes as from Ben Jonson the line, "Beauty like sorrow dwelleth everywhere." I have searched for this in Ben Jonson without success. As Yeats is not always accurate in quoting, the wording may be slightly different or the line may be by someone else.

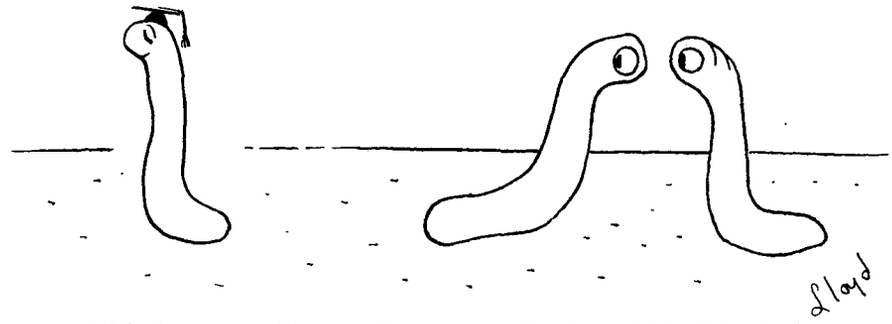
In Alexander Smith's "On the Writing of Essays" in "Dreamthorp" he quotes as sung by "a varlet" these lines:

> "A king cannot swagger
> Or get drunk like a beggar
> Nor be half so happy as I."

If anyone can place these passages for me, I shall be very grateful.

IRENE P. MCKEEHAN.

University of Colorado,
Boulder, Colorado.



"He's just eaten his way through the five-foot shelf of books."

Coincidental Commentaries

SIR:—And how about the timelessness of the following sonnet, also by William Wordsworth?

NOVEMBER, 1806

Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

ANN EDGAR LUCAS.

New York, N. Y.

"Waves of Chance"

SIR:—The selection of Emerson's "Politics" [*SRL,* Jan. 18] was most timely, as indeed is a great deal of the work of this man, if we would but give it opportunity. We all know he was far ahead of his time, but often we need some current publication, such as *SRL,* to bring him before us anew. Please let us have more—we are in dire need of minds such as his today.

ROBERT T. HOLLISTER.

Los Angeles.

SIR:—As far as I am concerned, Mr. Emerson has spoken the last word on Mrs. Lindbergh. What he had to say seemed too good, too pertinent, to be true. As an added favor, Mr. Editor, couldn't you dig up another coincidental commentary to dispose of Mr. Lindbergh just as effectively?

ALICE CHARTERS.

Chicago.

"Poetry and Poppycock"

SIR:—I would like to commend Elizabeth Jackson on her really admirable article "Poetry and Poppycock" [*SRL,* Jan. 25]. I applaud delightedly her well-aimed criticism of the "parlor-intelligentsia" literary critics who so justly deserved the dozen or so witty barbs she flung. I only wish Miss Jackson had included in her "anathema sic" the "intellectual" scholars who crowd our college lecture-platforms all jabbering the same confusing jargon of the Experimentalists, Imagists, Symbolists, etc., etc. They, too, not only disagree, amusingly enough, in their interpretations, but also thrust thorns in my side with their upraised brows and pitying glances when their words are met with healthy criticism and no little questioning on the part of the uninitiates who, like myself, sometimes wonder if many of our modern poets are not taking their Publics for a long and bumpy ride.

JUDITH ANNE PAIGE.

New York, N. Y.

Unsolicited Manuscripts

SIR:—In the January 4th "Author, Author!" Mr. Armfield says:

> . . . Nor did David H. Keller, fifty-nine year old author of "The Devil and the Doctor" have the services of an agent or a friend of a friend; his novel is actually the first completely unsolicited book ever published by Simon & Schuster.

I'm very much afraid that this isn't entirely the case since in 1937 we published "The Case of the Seven of Calvary," by Anthony Boucher, which was actually the first completely unsolicited book published by us.

LEE WRIGHT.

Simon & Schuster,
New York, N. Y.

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Warrior, Scholar, Patriot

OWEN GLENDOWER. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1941. (2 *vols.*) 938 *pp.* $5.

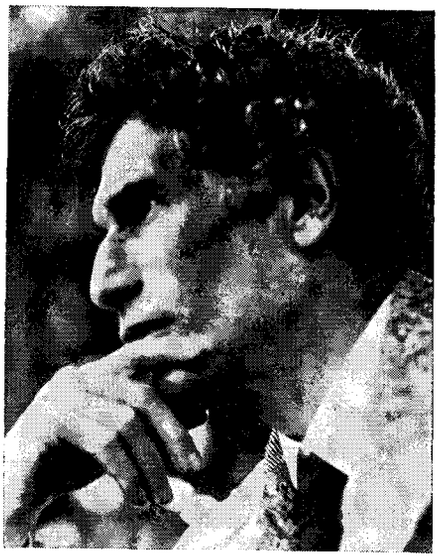
Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

OWEN GLENDOWER'S rebellion against Henry Bolingbroke, Henry IV of England, occupied roughly the years 1400 to 1410, and the fear of it and of the great Welshman was not sweated out of English bones until Glendower's death in 1416. It is a period full of color, and romance, and vileness, and chivalry, of strange learning and doodling superstitions; some of the men, Henry IV, his son, Harry Hotspur, and Glendower himself have been presented to us by Shakespeare, and there are Welsh records of Glendower and his court. In Mr. Powys's romance, interminably verbose, overaccentuated, pompously and vaguely mystagogic, and with its adolescent emphasis on sexual cruelty, the historical figures are stirred to life only occasionally. Owen Glendower, a warrior, a scholar, and a patriot is drawn now more than life-size, now removed from humanity, and now reduced to a crazy pattern of uncontrolled impulses.

In this last he resembles nearly all Mr. Powys's major characters—a little crazy, vastly unpleasant in their off moments, and with a most unanimous interest in the infliction or endurance of pain. Now pain, and even sexual cruelty, can be subjects in imaginative literature—from Aeschylus to William Faulkner imaginative artists have used them: but it is fatal, if the romancer wishes to avoid the repulsion of the normal reader, to present them not as things done or suffered, but as spectacles watched. There is a delectation in prying and whispering and analyzing in this novel which for me makes much of the book frankly disgusting.

Apart from Owen the book's hero is Rhisiart, half-Welsh, half-Norman, a young man just down from Oxford in 1400, a grave and grey-headed judge at its end in 1416: certainly, as he had to go through Mr. Powys's novel, this premature senility is not unnatural. Throughout his life in the book Rhisiart is unable to distinguish between love and cruelty; when he watches a vile lady, with opulent curves, scold obscenely at her helpless and rejected lover, Rhisiart hates her and yet something about her "made that hatred quiver and vibrate with a craving to hug her till she cried out under his grip."

This Alice is a lady whom Rhisiart really detests: what he feels toward those he likes I must leave the reader of the book to discover. Mr. Powys spares neither fancy nor paper in conveying the information.



John Cowper Powys spares neither fancy nor paper . . .

Two of the more amiable and normal persons in the story are a mad Franciscan who believes Richard II is still alive, and a Welsh Joan of Arc, Tegolin, whom Rhisiart and the Friar and, for a mad month or two Glendower himself are in love with: she marries Rhisiart and together they are captured by the English. In the many scenes of fighting, public or personal, Mr. Powys's gusto is a little less morbid: Mars is certainly less repulsive than Venus.

Mr. Powys derives—this book makes it quite clear—from the old school of horror story. Today if we are to have horror, it must be imaginative and spiritual as in Julian Green's work, or some books of Kafka's. Mr. Powys's bullies and bogies, brutes and maniacs, mouthy seers and boastful bards are but painted cardboard; and they move in a fifteenth century of the novelist's own invention. Mr. Powys takes no pains to make his period references accurate; I admit his right to use modern language—though one jibs a little when Rhisiart uses such expressions as "dangerously hypnotic" and "mass-obsession"—but his ignorance of the period, especially in matters of religion, is so great that the book loses all pretensions to being an historical novel, except in certain details of decoration.

Not Flashy But Democratic

ROYAL WILLIAM. By Doris Leslie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 397 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

TO build romance around the life and character of William IV is something of a feat. To do so affectionately and honestly, without serious distortion of the facts, without resort to the malice of satire, and without condescension, is a triumph. Creevey, Greville, and the rest of his scribbling contemporaries thought him a dull fellow, boorish, ignorant, stupid, probably crazy like his honored father. A good many later historians have echoed their verdict. But Mrs. Leslie disagrees, and to prove her point she creates a novel which is certainly not dull, and which makes William thoroughly interesting. She does not, of course, turn him into a Prince Charming. She does not attempt to contradict Creevey, Greville, and the others. She interprets their evidence to show that for all his uncouthness, he was a kind and generous man; that for all his seeming foolishness, he was more frequently right in his judgments and his prophecies than were his contemptuous critics. This sounds as if her book were a long defensive argument. It is not. She is too good a novelist for that. It is a straightforward narrative, well-designed and well-executed, into which the serious defense has been invisibly woven.

William's life falls naturally into three divisions. First he was a sailor, enthusiastic but erratic. The Admiralty was doubtless wise in relieving him from active duty, though their coolness sorely tried his temper. It was he, however, and not the Admiralty that first recognized the genius of Nelson. The second period, to the joy of satirist and cartoonist, was devoted to the long *liaison* with Mrs. Jordan, the talented actress who bore him ten children. Here, and here only, does Mrs. Leslie let melodrama take a hand in her story. She suggests reasons for the break between them which are exciting theater but unconvincing history. And, finally, he was King, a naive and humdrum king, as compared with his flashy predecessor, but probably the only one of his family under whom the Reform Act of 1832 could have been passed. Mrs. Leslie is at her best in describing his conduct during that momentous year: his initial enthusiasm, his vacillation, his eventual large-minded acquiescence (against the insistent advice of wife and family). He was England's first democratic monarch, and, whatever his faults, he merits the kindness of Mrs. Leslie's considered homage.

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The Vanishing American Playwright

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

TODAY we American dramatists are in danger of becoming a vanishing race. We are not succeeding in reproducing our own kind. During the decade of the 1920s there was a great rush of playwriting talent into the American theatre. The leader of this, of course, was Eugene O'Neill.

Now the members of that enthusiastic generation are aging perceptibly. Speaking as one of this generation, I can say that our ranks are thinning—and so are our ideas. We desperately need reinforcement. But in the past ten years, the number of young playwrights coming forward has been pathetically small. The majority of those who have revealed any degree of talent in one or two plays have seemed to quit too rapidly. Too many of them have taken the road to Hollywood, and that road has proved a one-way street.

There are many explanations for this sad state of affairs. I have heard all of these explanations, and I beg to express the opinion that none of them is any good.

The chief of them is, of course, that the decline in play-writing has been due to economic causes. The theatre, it is said, is financially defunct.

Perhaps. But this consideration has not stopped the flood of the young, ambitious, and courageous people who have talent—or who hope they have talent—as actors, directors, scene designers. The heroism, the determination, of these young people of the theatre are wonderful to behold. They are undergoing indescribable hardship and frustration—and starvation as well—in their struggle for opportunity.

And the lack of opportunity is not due to lack of money in the theatre. It is entirely due to the fact that playwrights aren't writing enough acceptable plays.

Another explanation of this failure is that modern life furnishes inadequate inspiration for the playwright—who cannot say, as Sophocles said, "Wonders are many and none is more wonderful than man." Or, as Shakespeare said, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

Are these glowing tributes to humanity any less true—or justifiable—today than they were in Periclean Athens or Elizabethan England? Certainly Sophocles and Shakespeare could not be called optimists. But they were poets, and poets, however subject to melancholia, are eternally men of great faith.

What Sophocles and Shakespeare said—what all the great dramatists, tragic and comedic, have said—is that man is frail, man is vain, man is mortal—but that he is still capable of reaching, as did Prometheus, into the highest heaven and snatching the very fire from the hand of God.

THAT is what the theatre has been for, from its very beginning—to make credible the incredible, to awaken the king that dwells in every humble man, the hero in every coward. The Athenian dramatists first attempted and achieved this at a time when men trod warily in a tiny world which was completely surrounded and beset by the supernatural, the divine, the inexplicable. The sun had not then been measured and analyzed chemically. It was a god in a chariot. The wind that blew over Hymettus and the sea that beat against Sunium were dread beings. And yet, Athenian dramatists managed to assert for the first time on earth the dignity of man.

"We easily believe that which we wish," said Corneille.

The dramatist cannot be dismissed as merely a successful merchant of wish fulfillment. For there is historical proof that every age which has produced great dramatists—in Greece, in England and Germany and France—has presaged an age of renewed, vigorous assertion of human rights.

For it is in his wishes that man becomes like an angel, like a god. And the assurance that his wishes can and will be fulfilled is the supreme source of inspiration to man.

A great play, then, is a great inspiration, and its performance is a kind of revivalist meeting. The great dramatist is one who knows that in the tragedy of blindness Oedipus discovered the inward power to see the ultimate truth.

Yet I have heard many young dramatists explain their present inactivity by saying that in this, the most tremendous moment in the history of the world, "there is nothing for me to write about."

The American dramatist today can know that he has immeasurably more to write about than Sophocles had, or Shakespeare, and he is far freer to say what he pleases. He does not have to look into legend to find assurance of the essential heroism and nobility of man; he has only to look into this morning's newspaper.

Disraeli

Robert E. Sherwood

No one can pretend that the theatre is any easy road to fame and fortune—for writer or actor, either. It is as hard and as cruel and embittering as any other road that travels toward the stars. But the opportunity is still there—as always. And the inspiration is still there—as always. And the infinitesmal but real glimpse of immortality is still there—as always.

Our America is a dramatic country, in a supremely dramatic age. I hope and pray that great dramatists will arise to accept the greatest challenge to the genius of artists and of free men that has ever been, in the history of the world.

This article was read by Mr. Sherwood on the occasion of the presentation to him of the Gold Medal for Drama of the National Institute for Arts and Letters. Mr. Sherwood incorporated in his talk portions of an article he had written for the Theatre Arts Monthly.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 357)

JAMES MONROE
*ANNUAL MESSAGE**

Our policy in regard to Europe . . . is . . . to cultivate friendly relations with it and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power; submitting to injuries from none.

*(1823)

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LITERARY PROPHETEERING

(*Continued from page 4*)

Some German staff officers predicted it even while the First was deadlocked in France in 1917.

A great number of informed political, literary, or financial figure in Europe saw it coming. Include on this list:

Lloyd George; Mussolini ("Between 1935 and 1940"); Lord Balfour; Romain Rolland ("Unless a miracle occurs, which we cannot expect, we are marching with great strides toward a new war that will surpass in duration and intensity that of 1914-18"); Dr. Eduard Benes; Sir Edmund Ironsides; Winston Churchill; Paul Painlevé, and literally dozens of others, including a Captain Hans Ritter of the German Army who concluded a careful study of the French Army with these all-too prophetic words: "The old French Royal city of Versailles will after the 28th of June, 1919, experience a second 18th of January, 1871"—the day the French agreed to the German terms following the Franco-Prussian War. And, of course, there was Spengler with a crushing, all-embracing prophecy of death in his "Decline of the West."

Just look at the titles of these books, published in the years between 1926-1935: "The Origin of the Next War" (a remarkable work by John Bakeless); "That Next War?", 1929; "War Again Tomorrow," 1931; "The Second World War," 1934; and "The Coming World War," 1935. And these represent only a few of the men who saw the Second Edition of Armageddon being prepared for a record run on the presses of Mars.

Two of these, in particular, deserve a more careful examination.

Major Karl Axel Bratt, a Swedish Staff officer, who spent "many years in a scientific study of war" is the author of "That Next War?". Twelve years before the Germans overran France he wrote:

> There will be two stages in future land warfare. The first is characterized by the throwing out of large, strategically independent advance guards by motor. The second consists of the assembling of further forces in the rear. . . . It is supremacy in the air that will decide the issue of a European war . . . an army which is really inferior in the air is useless as an instrument of war.

Five years before Hitler's ascendancy to power, Bratt foresaw that France, hidebound to the old idea of a mass army, would be helpless before the onslaught of a Germany army, "a smaller, mobile mechanized army with a strong air force."

But the Swedish strategist's crowning prophetic achievement is this paragraph:

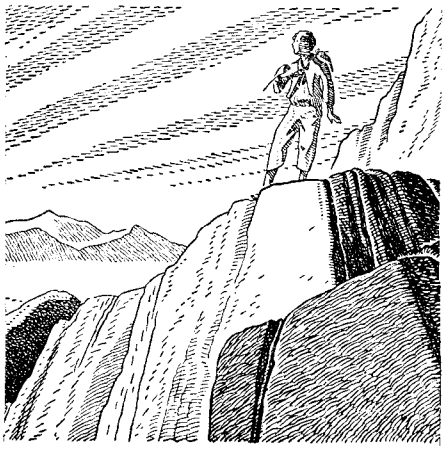
> Modern armaments with air forces and gas, can be created in secret . . . in one way or another a country with resources such as Germany possesses will be able to shake off its fetters. It may . . . on the ground that the provisions of the Treaty of Peace have been violated, openly demand a standard of armament corresponding to that of other countries, and may declare itself released from all obligations in this respect. In that case France would have to suppress this attempt by the occupation of large parts of Germany. Would France dare to proceed so far? Another alternative is to allow Germany to arm, in which case it would be the prey of reaction, which could without hesitation revert to its pre-war policy and sooner or later precipitate the catastrophe. . . .

And after the coming of this inevitable war, Major Bratt asked himself in 1928, what then? His answer was: "It is not only war which lurks behind the door, but also world revolution." If there were a Nobel Prize for prophecy the Major would win it hands down.

The year 1934 saw the publication of a work called "The Second World War," by Johannes Steel, who used to be a member of the German Industrial Intelligence Service.

In his book Steel, although he was pretty poor on guessing dates, foresaw German occupation of the Saar and Austria; the breakup of the French system of alliances; the rise of a German system. Quotations:

> Since the sum total of national life of Germany and Japan consists today of nothing else but the conscious preparation for a gigantic war, these countries are bound to provoke a conflict in time to give a chance for victory . . . the Italian challenge to France will have become articulate and must be met, for Italy will not halt in her drive for aggrandizement . . . war will come, that much is certain . . . an inexorable destiny seems to drive humanity into a new world conflict that may well prove fatal. . . . The world's past experience of "statesmen" is not such as to lend much hope that mankind's present leaders are likely to be able to avoid or mitigate the conflict . . . the balance of forces is changing every day in favor of the Germanic constellation. France . . . will have to fight soon.



(From "This Is My Country," by Stoyan Christowe.)

PROFESSOR Frederick L. Schuman of Williams College also rates membership in the modern Delphic Order. In June, 1936 he predicted that the next European war would begin on March 12, 1938. That was the day Nazi troops marched into Vienna. In April, 1938, he forecast that Germany, Italy, and Japan and their satellites will wage war together. "The common assumption that the Fascist powers must win by a swift blow, that they cannot fight a long war, are based on the mistaken estimates of the material and psychological resources at the disposal of Berlin and Rome." Although he missed the boat on the Berlin-Moscow rapprochement, which upset a good many of his calculations, he recently predicted the military defeat of Great Britain, the liquidation of the Soviet Union as an independent power, and a solitary struggle by the United States against a totalitarian world.

This gloomy view of things has been fairly prevalent in the novels of the last decade. Even Nostradamus, shuttling back and forth between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries, didn't hold out much hope for Europe. He seemed to have the present war in mind when he wrote of the eagle, always symbolical of the Teutonic races in his quatrains:

> The efforts of the eagle will be vast;
> The portals of the ocean wide at last
> But the reign in the island will stand fast
> Though trembling London fears its die is cast.

In another, Nostradamus predicted that England would go through a revolution after this war. Here "the wolf" has been interpreted to mean Hitler, since in old Teutonic the name Adolf means "noble wolf";

> Soon after England slays the wolf
> She also must fall
> Just as fire repels water.
> They'll rekindle the lamps so brightly
> That flesh and blood will pay—
> For when bread is gone knives are handy.

There isn't much solace for America in any of the "prophetic" works I've examined. Most authors seem pretty certain that the present war

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Outstanding AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES

EDITOR IN POLITICS

Josephus Daniels

HE was "unscarable and unbuyable", says GERALD W. JOHNSON in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books:* "His enemies called his paper 'The Nuisance and Disturber', but even they didn't call it dull." And WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE in *The N. Y. Times Book Review* says: "Always he was the foe of the oppressor; always he was trying to free his State and his people of the tyranny of ignorance on the one hand and greed upon the other. It was really a noble fight. And this book, written in the naïveté of a soldier telling his story at the fireside, yet glowing with the remembrances of the days of combat, is a great piece of American writing, great in its entire unpretentiousness, great in its native tang, its unliterary flavor, its honest smell of the soil, its simple language of combat."

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will drag us down, willy-nilly, into its maelstrom.

There is some backhanded hope in the pages of an imaginative forecast of human history for the next two billion years. Yes, two billion. It's called "Last and First Men" and it was written in 1930 by William Olaf Stapledon, an Englishman. It is a solid, rather humorless work that handles history in great chunks of years at a time.

After a series of Franco-Italian, Anglo-French, Russo-German, Euro-American, and Sino-American wars during this century and the next, the grim story goes, America imposed unity upon the world sometime towards the end of the 23rd century. The war between China and America was settled on an island in the Pacific by representatives of Big Business of both countries and in the year 2294 world unity was achieved under the World Financial Directorate. There were World Police, fantastic ritual flights for youngsters, and uninhibited intermingling of black, brown, yellow, and white stocks that made for a nice universal color scheme.

When the Antarctic coal supplies gave out, however, this civilization perished. Yes, someone had discovered the secret of atomic power but it died with him in 21st century. Well, the world returned to "barbarism." The next civilization arose in Patagonia about 100,000 A.D. and that wrecked itself, too. In case you're still with me, Mr. Stapledon goes on to describe each of the races of man that developed on Earth, Mars, Venus, and Neptune, right down to the eigthteenth race of man—a wonderful array of creatures who lived to a ripe middle age of 250,000, had five eyes, none myopic, and learned to control the movement of planets. But by 2,000,000,000 A.D. the Cosmos got pretty fed up with human nonsense and sensibly precipitated an atomic explosion in which the universe perished. No one seemed to mind. There was a general feeling that the human comedy had been playing long enough at the same house.

SRL readers were largely instrumental in the success of *God's Stepchildren* by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Her new novel, THE DARK GODS, a story of Nazi propaganda among South African tribes, will be published by Harper on Feb. 20th. Your bookseller will take your order for a first-edition copy now. $2.50

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1891 - 1941 50 YEARS OF PUBLISHING

The University of Chicago Press

Bellocian Waves

THE SILENCE OF THE SEA AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1940. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

"THE Silence of the Sea and Other Essays"—the very title, with its Victorian ring, tells you that Hilaire Belloc doesn't mind being a little behind the times. For, in America at least, the personal essay is being elbowed off the scene by more aggressive literary forms: up-to-the-minute informational articles and narrative novelties of the I-Fed-Birds-at-the-South-Pole variety. There is much to be said for the new trend: at least it discourages bores from attempting to imitate the inimitable Charles Lamb. Yet to report the passing scene in the most elementary idiom possible is not the whole duty of the writer, and it will be a bad day for literature, here or elsewhere, when the personal essay (or its equivalent) vanishes.

Though the author of sundry formidable works, Mr. Belloc makes a good essayist—frank, crotchety, heedful of phrase but not too fussy, humorous and serious by turns. Most of the essays in the present collection were first published periodically. Many are short, a few hasty and inconsequential. Mood and manner change frequently. Mr. Belloc can be as casual and colloquial as a cub journalist or he can fashion every facet of his sentence with the care of a medieval silversmith. The title essay is a little masterpiece of serious prose; the essay "On Statistics" is perfect comedy. As a man no longer young, the author grumbles considerably about this thing called progress. He thinks most modern verse pretty puny. He resents having his life hemmed in by columns of statistics. Advertising galls him. He despises modern pedants who are always correcting somebody's little factual errors, including Mr. Belloc's. He fumes at what he considers to be the fallacy of "majority right." He misses old institutions . . .

But there are some things that progress cannot take away: the memory of landscapes, the love of art in its various forms, the special delight of history. And, deeper still, there lies faith—religious faith and a faith in men. Mr. Belloc may grumble, but he does not whine, is more often gay, or at least genially quarrelsome, than grave. Least of all is he a preacher. He is only an essayist. Perhaps Mr. Belloc should try to be more modern. Perhaps.

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Lawyer and Lobbyist

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Republican. By Leon Burr Richardson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 758 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER was distinctly a minor figure in American public life, although a typical manipulator of the wires behind the scenes, whose activities were largely local in New Hampshire though he twice served as secretary of the Republican National Committee. His appointment by Garfield as Solicitor-General was refused confirmation by the Senate. Appointed Secretary of the Navy by Arthur the following year, he served until 1885 when William C. Whitney took over, but left no impress. Appointed to serve an unexpired term of two years in the United States Senate he was re-elected for another term, but again did not become a national figure. The rest of his career is made up of being a lawyer and lobbyist in Washington and a local newspaper proprietor in New Hampshire.

Until this volume appeared there was no biography of him in book form. Professor F. L. Paxson who wrote his life, a little more than one page, for the "Dictionary of American Biography," notes in his bibliography only that there is a "good obituary in the 'New England Historical and Genealogical Register,'" and several less important sketches in some local newspapers. It is difficult to understand why he should have been awarded a volume of 758 pages at a cost of five dollars per copy in the series of "American Political Leaders" in which the life of John Hay, written by Tyler Dennett, managed to be compressed into 476 pages. It is true that the volumes of this series are all on a grand scale, and the volumes by the editor, Professor Allan Nevins, run from 800 to 1,000 pages on Grover Cleveland and Hamilton Fish.

The question may be raised as to just what want biographies in a "series" are intended to fulfill. Such series as those of the "American Statesmen" edited by Morse or the "Crisis Biographies" edited by Oberholtzer, were handy small volumes of some three hundred pages or more each of which served a purpose somewhat between a biographical dictionary and a full scale definitive life and letters. The present series of "American Political Leaders" is made up of full length and definitive biographies. As to their scholarship there is no doubt. Professor Nevins's own Cleveland in two volumes (including the Letters) and his Fish, contain a vast

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mass of original material and will long, if not always, remain the last word on his subjects. The same may be said of most of the volumes which he has procured and edited, but what shall we say of scale? John Hay was a secretary to Abraham Lincoln, poet, novelist, and historian, secretary to the Legation at Madrid, Assistant Secretary of State, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Secretary of State, and had not merely a national but an international reputation and influence. If his life can appear in the series in 476 pages why should 758 be allotted to a man like Chandler?

This is not to say that there is not much interesting material in the volume for the student of American politics, such as the pages devoted, for example, to the first Grant campaign for the Presidency. Professor Richardson has done a final job. His scholarship, his thoroughness, and the access he has had to original documentary material, would seem to leave nothing for any biographer in the future to glean. For the specialist interested in the local political machinery and methods of the time it will prove valuable and permanent, but in this day, so distraught with mondial events and characters, it is scarcely a volume to attract the ordinary reader.

SRL readers were largely instrumental in the success of *God's Stepchildren* by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Her new novel, THE DARK GODS, a story of Nazi propaganda among South African tribes, will be published by Harper on Feb. 20th. Your bookseller will take your order for a first-edition copy now. $2.50

Primer on Nature

AN ESSAY ON NATURE. By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 351 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

"IT is foolish," Professor Woodbridge has written, "to suppose that there is any science which says the last word about Nature. There may, however, be one that says the first words. It may be called philosophy." In this latest book he has undertaken to utter first words about the identity of Nature and the nature of Nature, and meditatively to consider basic problems of the natural and the more-than-natural. There has resulted, as readers already acquainted with his penetrating clarity and smooth serenity of style will not be surprised to learn, a book of beauty and wisdom and much suggestiveness.

Nature, for Professor Woodbridge, as for the Santayana of "Scepticism and Animal Faith," is "public experience . . . the stars, the seasons, the swarm of animals, the spectacle of birth and death, the facts before every man's eyes . . . ," and in establishing what he takes to be the realness of these facts he attacks powerfully and with ingenuity the wilder and more paralyzing kinds of extreme scepticism. Nature exists; Nature lies exposed to all; if the visible world is made problematic, intellectual clarity has vanished and a reign of confusion begun. From these sturdily established premises, and treading windingly a path whereon, as he says, "it is not easy to avoid offending the sensitive and encouraging the superstitious," he proceeds to the development of the theme that Nature is still man's home, still the vineyard where knowledge is gathered, and he comes ultimately to utter the conclusion that Nature sets the pattern for a moral order, and that in the pursuit of happiness if not of knowledge (a carefully explored distinction) acknowledgment of the supernatural may be regarded as a natural necessity.

Professor Woodbridge has two great gifts uncommon in philosophers. He writes a prose which, always lucid and effortlessly expert, rises frequently to moving poetry; and he knows how, when necessary, to speak a single homely epigrammatic sentence which will illuminate a concept, for the ordinary reader, more brilliantly than pages of explanation might. There is much intricate thinking in this book of his, and the subtle expositions of theories of time and light and space and optics are often hard to follow. But always there are the relieving and illuminating homely phrases such as when it is observed (about space) that "one can walk upstairs and downstairs in one's house but not in infinity"; or (about pragmatism) that "Truth is not 'that which works,' but something in Nature that is worked with"; or (about the supernatural) that "all ceremony is faith in the ideal, faith in the ever-superior, ending in faith in the superior-to-Nature." Professor Woodbridge's style has beauty and strength and sometimes humor, and always a fine absence of philosophic wind.

"An Essay on Nature" is an answer—shrewd, humane, and of great dignity—to the dualism which "contends that . . . the familiar scenes we explore are but data whereby we ascertain the character and structure of a universe which somehow lies independently." It is a brave and grave testament of naturalism. And it is an utterance, not least, out of a great piety, the piety of a man who feels himself so deeply a child of Nature that in this book he revives the old and nowadays-infrequent device of capitalizing and personifying her, the quiet piety of a philosopher who can emerge from the labyrinthine corridors of thought to say:

> To regard Nature as the symbol of God's glory is not at all strange or unnatural. It is very human. It is, perhaps, the thing we are ultimately led to do when, thoroughly sophisticated, disillusioned, and disenchanted, we take ourselves seriously in hand and ask what is our business here. Then we stand confronted by the Ancient of Days.

This is a serene and thoughtful speaking of first words about the subject Nature.

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Words and Music...

SPRING SYMPHONY. By Eleanor Painter. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1941. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ABBOTT C. DEE

NO love affair of the nineteenth century, not even that of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, is more poignantly human, more warmly romantic, than that of Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann. It began when she was a child of eight, a musical prodigy carefully guarded and rigorously enslaved by a tyrannical father. Schumann came to the house to take lessons. Papa Wieck had discovered in him a talent, and soon he was living under the master's roof. To the child Clara he immediately became something more than one of her father's pupils. He was a gracious and charming knight-errant from a larger world. He told her lovely, fantastic stories. He taught her a more delicate, more shadowy, more impassioned music which her father disapproved. Such, for years, was their relationship. To him she was just a child, very attractive and greatly gifted. But in her was bred a worship that was never to grow cold. Then, after many successful tours, she returned to Leipzig a young woman, and Schumann saw in her the dream of his feverish imagination.

Such a love Papa Wieck could not permit. To him Schumann represented all that was bad in modern music—the wildness, the extravagance, the lawlessness of heresy. He could not allow his Clara to be perverted by contact with madness. Besides, she was an extremely profitable asset. She had become a pianist of world-wide renown. Her tours were a succession of ovations. He fought with every weapon, honest and dishonest, to keep her. His methods were not only contemptible but inept as well. At last Wieck's refusal to permit their wedding had to be overruled in a court of law, and there began one of the most harmonious and productive of romantic marriages.

The story of their tribulations has been told many times. It can never be better presented than it is in the actual letters that passed between the lovers in their many separations. Out of these Miss Painter has drawn the most vivid parts of her narrative. She has, in fact, built her novel around them. She has blocked in a generous background; she has built her characters solidly and honestly, and when her invented dialogue grows too stilted and lifeless, she has turned to the letters themselves which bring Clara and Robert at once and effectively alive.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. With an Album of Records Played by Grace Castagnetta. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 68 *pp., with four phonograph records.* $5.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

WHEN first beholding Dr. van Loon's handsome Bach biography this reviewer thought that he was to read one of those delightful children's books. But after settling down to read the book in earnest it became apparent that the doctoral prefix stressed by the publishers stands there purposely, for this is supposed to be one of those "for the first time" books which will do justice to the master.

The book no more does justice to the great musician than do the appended phonograph records to his music. Surely it is evident that handful of piano pieces cannot give even the vaguest idea of the art of the creator of gigantic choral compositions, stupendous organ works, brilliant concertos, searching chamber music, and mystic polyphonic *summae*.

Hendrik Willem van Loon's "biography," a scanty book in large print, with generous margins, and with many full-page and half-page illustrations, is a most sketchy affair. An encyclopaedic entry inflated by wisecracks, anachronistic asides, and incongruous "crotchety divigations" (for the etymology of this word consult Messrs. Simon & Schuster), said divigations often being in rather bad taste. The author's ability to cram a goodly number of amateurish boners in such a short book is no less amazing than his obvious unfamiliarity with musical literature in general and Bachiana in particular. It might be wise for Dr. van Loon to concentrate on his own field, whatever that may be.

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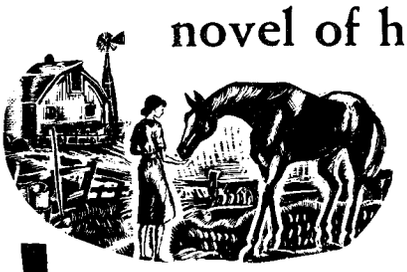

ALWAYS THE LAND

By PAUL ENGLE

THIS is an unorthodox story of farm folks versus horse folks—an amusing group of characters presented in all their nobility and generosity as well as their quirks and cussedness.

Essentially, it is a modern love story, but there are deep and vital overtones that give the book a special significance in these days of struggle between the *free old* and the *organized new.* A robust story peppered with explosive, racy dialogue.

320 pages, $2.50

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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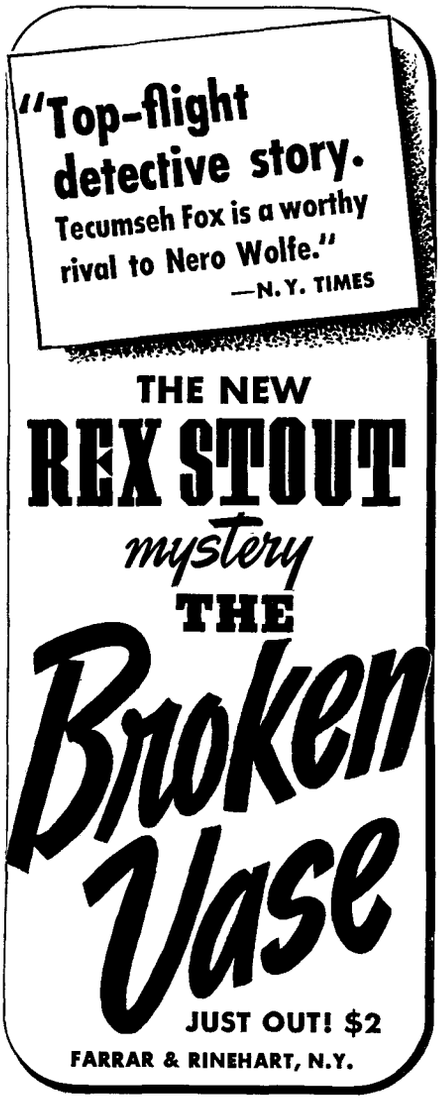
Author, Author!

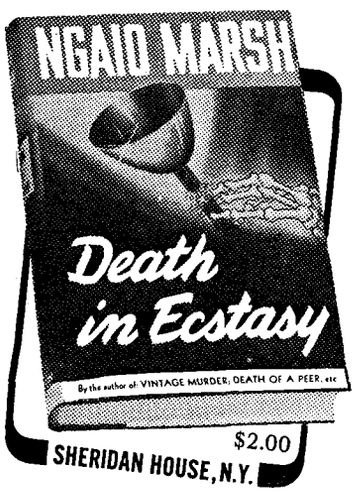
IT TOOK TEN YEARS. Something like ten years ago John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart who, not so long before, had become partners in the publishing house which bears their names, met a writer named *Marcus Goodrich*. He was introduced by Philip Wylie. Goodrich was just back from a jaunt to Mexico, where he had begun writing a novel called "Delilah," about the crew of an old destroyer during what was then known as the World War. (*See page 5*). The young partners wanted to look at the novel, whose theme attracted them strongly. It was some time, however, before Goodrich could be persuaded to show any of the manuscript. In fact, as far as John Farrar can remember it, they finally signed a contract to publish the novel after seeing only a draft of the first chapter and hearing the author tell the story. The contract was signed on April 9th, 1932, just about the time, incidentally, that Hervey Allen contracted for "Anthony Adverse." The publishers started announcing "Delilah." But Goodrich was hard to satisfy about his own work. One complete draft was written, put aside in disgust, while Goodrich went off to Hollywood to earn enough money to go on with the rewriting. Farrar & Rinehart kept announcing the book. Their salesmen talked it up to the booksellers. Still no completed manuscript. Goodrich went back to Mexico, where he had started the book, and did the last work on it. The final pages were completed on his return to New York last summer. On January 29th John Farrar and Stanley Rinehart, after years of taking "Delilah" on faith, published the novel. In the intervening years the march of history into the second World War had again made its subject of enormous timeliness.

★ ★

IN BRIEF. *James Street's* ("Oh, Promised Land") new novel, "In My Father's House," will be out in March. The author and the novel are both native to Mississippi. Mr. Street recently returned to his house in Connecticut from his first visit to Mississippi in 20 years. He had gone to make sure his boyhood impressions were correct. He found few changes . . . *Allan Updegraff* has had to recall the page proofs of his novel, "The Hills Look Down," because an artist bearing the same name as one of his characters suddenly moved into the art colony where the story is laid . . . *Vaughan Williams* ("And So Victoria") is working on a new book which should be ready before the end of this year.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.





The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BROKEN VASE *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Manhattan murderer, who forced one killing and committed two others, finally trapped by unobtrusive and relentless Tecumseh Fox.	Talented, artistic, and emotionally unstable New Yorkers—darned unpleasant, most of them—give perceptive Mr. Fox some perilous moments.	Acrid
VACANCY WITH CORPSE *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	English apt. house owner found stabbed in flat foyer. Desmond Merrion outsmarts Insp. Arnold in urbanely developed tale.	Popular lady novelist, her bibulous husband, and engagingly wicked son of murderee among characters giving piquancy to lively story.	Well played
PERSONS UNKNOWN *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Fat Conn. plutocrat vanishes. Peter Clancy traces missing man to Shinnecock dunes where corpse turns up and murder-chase begins.	Well-groomed and moderately exhilarating tale of poisoning and greed. Sleuth and valet Wiggar work well enough, but wordage seems excessive.	Readable
PRINCE OF PARADISE *Francis Gerard* (Dutton: $2.)	Resurgence of "old man of mountain's" vicious career in modern Arabia sends Sir John Meredith back to perilous sleuthing.	Haggardesque yarn of Eastern intrigue and villainy with dauntless Arab and pukka Sahib collaborating in discomfiture of sons of Shaitan.	Good thriller
DEATH OUT OF THIN AIR *Stuart Towne* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	One killer was ringer for Dracula, the other was invisible, but Great Diavolo, Manhattan magicker sleuth, got them both.	Illuminating bits on magic and slick tricks of its practitioners better than stories, which are swiftly paced but hard to swaller.	Time-passer
THE CASE OF THE SOLID KEY *Anthony Boucher* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Two "accidental" Hollywood deaths—one in locked room—engross attention of Lieut. Jackson, Fergus Breen, and other engaging characters.	Prefatory chatter slightly fatiguing but once first murder is done (page 109) story shoots into high gear and stays there.	Commendable

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5th Column Warfare

TERROR IN OUR TIME. By Richard Wilmer Rowan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1941. 431 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMOND TAYLOR

MOST Americans disapprove of espionage, sabotage, terrorism, and subversive propaganda when carried on in this country by a foreign power. Such acts are considered unmannerly, immoral, and even unfriendly. It is also recognized that they are at least potentially dangerous. Consequently, there is a general outcry for repressive action against the Fifth Column, but curiously enough, though it is known that the Fifth Column is maintained by the totalitarian powers, it is thought of as a natural plague, while any measures for attacking the plague at its source appear as steps leading toward war.

Mr. Rowan's book is a timely reminder that the Fifth Column attack in its various aspects is not a natural plague but a form of war having the same general objectives as the more familiar variety into which we are so afraid of getting drawn. Few battles have had more momentous political consequences than the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia which Mr. Rowan appears to consider—rightly, I think—as an oblique masterpiece of the Italian secret service.

All the operations in this hidden form of war between nations are not so spectacular but most of them have real political importance as adjuncts to other forms of attack, so that Mr. Rowan's expert study of the field is a useful contribution to the history of our troubled times.

In addition to its more solid merits, "Terror in Our Time" makes colorful and exciting reading for it deals with the timeless stuff out of which innumerable thrillers—usually less thrilling than the official facts—have been concocted. Some of the later chapters drag a bit because the author brings in shadowy affairs that were probably authentic episodes in the secret war but have never been completely unravelled. At other times the secret-service angle is utilized a bit abusively to retell generally known facts about the Spanish Civil War, Munich, etc. These, however, are relatively trivial flaws in an interesting and readable book, and reveal at least a commendable desire to stick to the facts in a field where the facts themselves are often more lurid than fiction.

Edmond Taylor, an American foreign correspondent who has recently returned from Europe, is author of "The Strategy of Terror."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The Tabard Inn, in "Canterbury Tales," by Chaucer.
2. The Boar's Head Tavern, in "Henry IV," by Shakespeare.
3. The Rainbow Inn, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
4. The Admiral Benbow, in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
5. The Red Horse Inn, in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
6. The Angler's Rest, in the Mulliner Stories, by P. G. Wodehouse.
7. The Maypole Inn, in "Barnaby Rudge," by Dickens.
8. The Three Pigeons, in "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith.
9. The Mermaid Tavern, in "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern," by John Keats.
10. Terre's tavern, in "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," by William Makepeace Thackeray.

Oriental Odyssey

INTO CHINA. By Eileen Bigland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

TO her odyssies in Africa and Russia, Eileen Bigland has added one of the more notable accounts to come out of war-torn China. Her story is almost entirely of a trip into China over the Burma Road. There is a prelude at Rangoon, an eerie interlude at Chungking, and a postlude at Hanoi. But the experiences that count were gained along the Burma Road, including the take-off at Lashio and the terminus at Kunming.

She traveled not in private car but "hard" — with a convoy of Chinese trucks and busses. Though she was the "guest of the government," it was a fair field and no favor. The road did not know how to play favorites.

No date is given for the trip, but the suggestions indicate that it must have been made in the early summer of 1939. There was rain, as there would be at that season; and landslides to cause delay. Altogether, the party was three weeks on the road.

Eileen Bigland's main interest is in people, and through her Chinese companions she reaches toward the heart of China. Success in this is achieved in the way she lives with them, not in the occasionally forced efforts to grasp "the Chinese philosophy." She is at her best in giving the events and moods of the trip, the little happenings, the back-talk, and the joshing. It is a merry crowd, yet stalked by tragedy. Death and disease lie all around them. It is symbolized by Cass's parting gift in Kunming—a Chinese pot of flowering cactus with one lovely bloom.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

SONS OF THE OTHERS. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

By the long list of past achievements that faces the title page this is Vol. 38 of the works of Philip Gibbs, thirty-six of them novels. "Now It Can Be Told" was one of the exceptions. In it Mr. Gibbs related how the army brass-hats kept him from writing some wholesome truths during the last war. Apparently either the official censors or those of Mr. Gibbs's own brain were on the job again when he produced this gelatinous item. It is mostly about life behind the lines previous to the 10th of May, 1940, with British soldiers going about their lawful occasions. The things they say and do are arranged to bring out the similarities to what their fathers said and did twenty-odd years ago—in the Gibbs novels of that period. It is pretty inconsequential. The British soldiers have no individual life—fifteen minutes after laying the book down it is impossible to recall an identifying characteristic of any one of them—and the Gauls neither think, act, nor on the few occasions when they break into their native tongue, talk like Frenchmen. Toward the end things speed up, the book becomes moving and dramatic; but this is where Mr. Gibbs is dealing with the German breakthrough and the retreat to Dunkirk. The characters have dropped out or been killed off and he is writing straight reporting. Maybe he ought to stick to that.

F. P.

NOVEMBER GRASS. By Judy Van der Veer. Longmans, Green. 1940. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a gentle story for those who love nature and every detailed aspect of nature; a meditative book, in style as well as in content. It is the tale of a California girl, born and bred in the ranch country, who tends her cattle while they crop the November grass along the roadside. As, on her old horse, she follows her beloved cows and her bull, Joseph, her thoughts are the long thoughts of sensitive youth and she communes with the earth from which she passionately draws her well-being.

Sometimes human beings enter her reveries, the simple characters she knows, and then the author's sentences become more animated and she creates swift, vivid pictures, often with a comic touch. Some of these scenes are full of pathos, as of the sleeping, drunken Indians; all are done with sensitive insight.

Always the girl's thoughts return to the earth, the seasons, the rains and winds, and to the life the earth produces. The author makes us feel the patience of those who work and watch and wait on the land, that slow rhythm which city dwellers have forgotten. The girl seems to be almost too patient for her twenty-three years.

But then comes Dirk. With rare simplicity, Miss Van der Veer weaves love into her story, and we know that the girl is a very normal girl, only more finely fashioned than most. But in the end, it is not love that enables her to go on, but compassion and her faith in the ways of nature.

S. K. D.

A TIME WILL COME. By Rachel M. Varble. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 306 *pp.* $2.

It is difficult to discover the intention behind this novel, the point the author is trying to make. Set in New York, in 1900, its principal figures are four women, related by marriage and further tied together by the common misfortune of being female and consequently denied all legal means of extricating themselves from their problems. They are the maiden sister and three daughters-in-law of Schward Wright, a brutal, bullying financier, grown rich through unscrupulous real estate dealings (and as much of a tyrant to his sons as to their wives). The most persecuted of the daughters-in-law is the widowed Sue Ellen. The most rebellious is Stephanie, a millionairess in her own name. Enid, the third, is apathetic, but Schward's sister, Nettie, bitterly resents the pennilessness to which her brother has condemned her, providing her with food and shelter but never with any money.

Sue Ellen brings home to tea one day the chance-encountered Susan B. Anthony, then eighty years old and tireless as ever. Miss Anthony hears the stories of the Wright women, and tries to enlist them in her fight for the whole of oppressed womankind. They promise her their support, but the complexities of their own lives take all their thought, and, in the end, each having triumphed over her own trouble they have no further interest in a cause.

F. S.

Miscellaneous

STRANGE MALADY. By Warren T. Vaughan, M.D. H. J. Rubenstein, M.D.

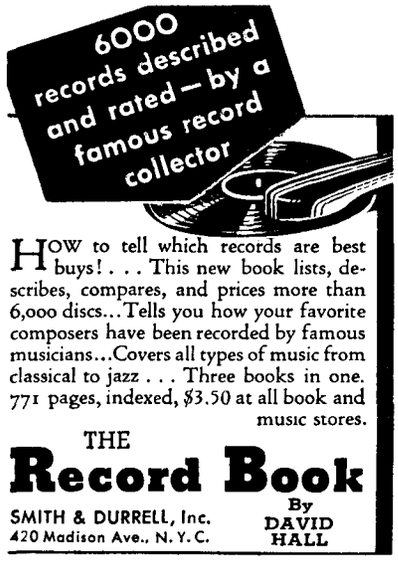
Lucretius (95-56 B. C.) wrote that one man's food might be an intense poison for another. Before him, Hippocrates recorded his observation that cheese does not prove equally injurious to all men. Since men first reached that stage where experiences could be compared, idiosyncrasies to foods and other substances have been recognized entities. In "Strange Malady," the Story of Allergy, Dr. Vaughan has, in remarkably able fashion, set forth for his readers a comprehensive treatise on the many aspects of allergy. Few have been the occasions for this reviewer to find in a book written for non-technical readers such a completely scientific, lucid and charming exposition of the subject. For many, too, this book will also afford the opportunity of understanding the fundamental principles of immunology on which are based so many of the advances of modern medicine.

Following an initial exposition of the theoretical aspects of allergy, Dr. Vaughan discusses the subject from the point of view of treatment, as well as the various factors that influence the allergic reaction. These may be fatigue, infection, constipation, mechanical irritation, climate, endocrine disturbances and emotional upset. It is Dr. Vaughan's thesis that the allergic reaction is primarily a protective response which for some reason is not coördinated, and represents a failure of satisfactory adjustment to deleterious influences which arrive from outside.

Today a clear, and probably fairly accurate explanation of how allergy works can be given, but there are still gaps in our understanding of the why. Till that answer comes, the man with allergy must continue to adjust himself to those environmental influences which happen to be harmful to him, in accordance with the precepts suggested by Dr. Vaughan, representative of the best of our knowledge today.

H. J. R., M.D.

SRL readers were largely instrumental in the success of *God's Stepchildren* by Sarah Gertrude Millin. Her new novel, THE DARK GODS, a story of Nazi propaganda among South African tribes, will be published by Harper on Feb. 20th. Your bookseller will take your order for a first-edition copy now. $2.50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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

THE *Publishers' Weekly*-Publishers' Adclub Award to the book publisher submitting the best fall 1940 advertising campaign went to Farrar & Rinehart for the advertising of "AP—The Story of News," by Oliver Gramling. A plaque which could very easily be traded in for several bottles of excellent Scotch was given to the firm, and a check for $25 to its advertising manager, Sumner Putnam. [Agency: Spier & Sussman.]

☞First honorable mention was awarded to Little, Brown & Company for its campaign on "The Family," by Nina Fedorova. J. Burke Wilkinson, advertising manager. [Agency: Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells.] Second honorable mention was split between Simon & Schuster for its campaign on Dorothy Kunhardt's "Pat the Bunny," and Harpers for "Quietly My Captain Waits," by Evelyn Eaton. Jack Goodman is Simon & Schuster's advertising manager [Agency: Schwab & Beatty]; and Samuel Rapport, the Harpers advertising manager [Agency: Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells].

★ ★

☞The Franklin Square Agency, New York City, will hereafter perform all of the *SRL's* circulation operations. The agency is not on Franklin Square but on East 33rd Street. This peculiarity is typical of a peculiar business which uses such trade terms as: nixies, flowers, searches, lemons, and on-and-off galleys—all in the interest of getting a magazine to its paid-up subscribers. Subscribers' correspondence should still be addressed to the *SRL,* 420 Madison Avenue, New York.

★ ★

☞"Short stories," says George Sessions Perry, who can toss one off as fast as you can say *Saturday Evening Post,* "are the girls you take out for a date, but a novel is the woman you marry." His latest novel is "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

★ ★

☞A new business index: Better times and more employment in the Newark, N. J., area are reflected in a *drop* of 6 percent in book lending for the Newark Public Library in 1940. The figure of 2,314,977 books lent during the year was a loss of 162,577 from 1939. Beatrice Winser, librarian, pointed out that public library use has been found to rise in periods of economic depression and to fall in times of prosperity.

☞What must have been the definitive display of Bemelmans delighted persons passing Scribner's Bookstore last week. The shrine took the form of an inspired Ecuadorean pastiche of "The Donkey Inside," concocted by the Master, with leaves and water-colors from his notebooks disposed about. (Mr. Van Duym's gay idea.)

★ ★

☞The Quercus Associates praise the book publishers who date their news releases.

★ ★

☞This year's award for the outstanding book by a southern author on a southern subject went to Thomas Wolfe's "You Can't Go Home Again." But since the Southern Woman's National Democratic Organization in New York, Inc. (in short, the donor) does not give the one-hundred-dollar prize posthumously, the cash went to James Still for his "River of Earth."

★ ★

☞Horace J. Gardner, who served eighteen years with Lippincott up to 1939, has been made manager of A. S. Barnes & Company's trade department; and Rex Cleveland has become advertising and production manager. He was formerly with the Cameo Press and *Inland Printer* magazine.

★ ★

☞One of our junior operatives, reporting from a session with the Cambridge University Press catalogue (issued by The Macmillan Company), points out a delightful book full of the kind of English character and talents which don't make the news in the headlines, and which provide, therefore, welcome relief: *Purbeck Shop,* a stoneworker's story of the famous stone and marble quarries of Purbeck, near Swanage, in Dorset. The description of an important and ancient craft, handed down from generation to generation, is full not only of historical but of social significance.

★ ★

☞With the news that editions of John Donne (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*) have been sold out in this country, our operative suggests keeping an eye out for a book on Donne's most serious "metaphysical" rival, Andrew Marvell. Cambridge is publishing a study by M. G. Lloyd Thomas and M. C. Bradbrook, who have done a good job on a man who was both politician and poet in a strenuous period of England's history.

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By

Richard McCandless Gipson

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Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

IT has been characteristic of most musical periods to consign the art of previous times to oblivion, but in the 19th century, the Industrial Revolution, democracy, and the attendant craze for Darwinism led to a distortion of music history which remains today as a great backwash in the flow of musical progress. The pattern of evolution was inevitably applied to art. Earlier music was re-examined with the same fascination as the antics of those imperfect human beings, the apes; and earlier composers, unable to protest, were looked upon as the rude forefathers of giants to come. A convenient repertory of older music was maintained as a sort of musical zoo for a public which found musical evolution free from the moral perplexities of the human variety. Attitudes were tell-tale. Composers as recent as the 17th century were labeled crude and distasteful (as were the more uncivilized actions of monkeys); more palatable music—Mozart perhaps—(as well as simian habits of the flea-searching variety)—seemed quaint, even charming. But the vital significance of earlier music as living art was largely ignored.

Though these attitudes are today still dominant, a sharp reaction has generated immense interest in older music, and in objective musical scholarship for its rehabilitation. An album of vocal music from the 12th to 17th centuries sung by Yves Tinayre (C. M-431; $4.50) is a perfect sample of the new emancipation thus gained; for Tinayre, a musicologist himself, is obviously concerned with beauty, pure and simple, not with "historical importance." His sincere and understanding performance should push back the era of "crude" music a few centuries more.

★ ★

Beethoven's Variations on *Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu* for piano trio (V. M-729; $2.50) are a pleasant discovery. Companion piece to the Diabelli Variations, they are from the period of the Ninth Symphony, and in spite of the title are by no means trivial. Var. 10, scherzo-like, recalls vividly a similar passage in the last movement of that symphony, and there are other hints of the great Beethoven to be found. . . . Musicraft has issued a newly uncovered violin sonata by Vivaldi which compares favorably with this composer's well known works (Mus. 48). Robert Quick's fiddling is greatly to be commended; but believe it or not, the small "orchestra" is drowned by the stentorian tones of the harpsichord. . . . Egon Petri is one of our greater pianists, but his *forte* isn't Brahms, or so his recording of the three Rhapsodies for piano indicate (C. X-183; $2.50). Not that this isn't an enjoyable recording; it just happens that Victor's Bachaus does a still better job (V. M-202).

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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**The PERSONAL advertisements in the London papers [and the SRL, too.]*

Double-Crostics: No. 358

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-M	2-Y	3-W	4-Q		5-P	6-N	7-Z	8-V	9-H		10-V	11-L	12-O		13-X	14-Q
15-F	16-C	17-J		18-L	19-D	20-B	21-M		22-T	23-Q	24-W	25-P	26-C	27-A		28-R
29-J	30-Q	31-B		32-A	33-I	34-D	35-J		36-G	37-K	38-Z		39-W	40-A	41-Z	42-L
	43-P	44-C	45-X		46-R	47-Z	48-N	49-I	50-S	51-W	52-V		53-R	54-U	55-Z	56-Q
57-C	58-T	59-I		60-P	61-I	62-E	63-Y	64-G		65-N	66-D	67-X	68-R		69-A	70-O
71-C		72-W	73-U	74-S	75-H	76-G		77-P	78-R	79-Y	80-U	81-T	82-Z	83-J	84-Q	85-E
	86-T		87-L	88-K	89-A		90-F	91-Y	92-B	93-E	94-G		95-E	96-F	97-Z	98-U
99-K		100-P	101-I	102-D	103-V	104-W	105-Y	106-T		107-Y	108-F	109-O	110-J	111-Q	112-Z	
113-L	114-N	115-E		116-W	117-R	118-F	119-C	120-E	121-Y	122-P		123-B	124-N	125-T	126-Y	127-J
	128-G	129-U		130-A	131-U	132-H	133-L		134-U	135-I	136-K	137-V		138-G	139-C	140-S
141-O		142-Q	143-L	144-J	145-Z	146-Y	147-T	148-W	149-N	150-M	151-I		152-B	153-U	154-T	
155-A		156-X	157-I	158-R		159-M	160-Q	161-V		162-A	163-M	164-H		165-F	166-J	167-H
	168-X	169-W	170-Z	171-B	172-G	173-J	174-D	175-H		176-A	177-K	178-V	179-G		180-C	181-L
182-S	183-B	184-J	185-E	186-T	187-V	188-H	189-M									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Agrarian association of Irish peasants (1761; 2 wds.)

B. Shuts up within walls.

C. Session of Congress dissolved in 1933.

D. Italian painter (1480-1556).

E. Pleasing in its natural simplicity.

F. Swift, darting, piercing.

G. Advance; to accumulate power (2 wds.)

H. Shake violently.

I. Symbol of the purity of a product.

J. Comprehending everything (comp.)

K. Hebrew dirge sung by professional mourning women.

L. Tiresome (Fr.)

M. Incite secretly.

N. Oriental dish of rice, spices, fish, meat, etc.

O. Son of Gera, who delivered Israel from the Moabite yoke.

P. Acts in response, as to a request.

Q. Thorough, complete (comp.)

R. Wrests by force or duress.

S. Castor-oil plant (Egypt).

T. Unsophisticated Americans (in Europe; Mark Twain).

U. Bird of the family Sittidae.

V. Droplike, having droplike spots.

W. Opera glass.

X. Ostentation.

Y. Anything set apart for a special use or part.

Z. Parliamentary partisans of Chas. I's reign and later.

WORDS

176	40	155	69	89	32	130	162	27	
183	152	171	20	92	31	123			
44	139	119	71	57	180	16	26		
66	34	102	174	19					
120	185	85	93	115	62	95			
15	118	96	108	90	165				
138	128	76	64	179	172	36	94		
9	164	132	75	167	188	175			
135	101	151	33	61	157	59	49		
29	127	110	17	184	166	35	83	173	144
99	177	37	136	88					
133	181	11	42	18	113	143	87		
189	150	1	163	21	159				
124	6	114	48	149	65				
141	70	109	12						
43	100	122	5	25	77	60			
14	142	30	23	84	111	160	4	56	
117	158	53	78	28	68	46			
182	74	140	50						
125	81	154	86	22	58	186	147	106	
131	80	134	73	153	129	98	54		
52	103	178	137	10	161	187	8		
169	3	104	116	51	24	72	39	148	
168	13	45	67	156					
146	126	2	91	79	107	105	121	63	
145	41	55	7	38	47	170	97	82	112

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